

Something Like a Death Kiss

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Something Like a Death Kiss

by Anonymous

Summary

The taller looks at George with shiny hopefulness in his eyes, like he's praying he's enough, that he has met some invisible bar that he can only blame himself for creating. His muscles tighten all over his body as he braces himself for the reaction, lungs frozen as he waits in what feels like a world gone still. All that, and he still wasn't prepared for the response.

A laugh. He got a sick, cruel and utterly sadistic *laugh*. It bangs and clouds inside the empty skull of Dream's head as his face *burns*.

"What? What the fuck is it?" He tries to sound angry or irritated but it only comes out whiny and filled with panic. His stomach drops even farther when he meets the sinister gaze of the older, giggles made of glass and smile a knife's edge.

"All this cock," George grabs it with a careless grip, a moan sounding through the room. He doesn't even bother to look at the blond's face which is definitely hopeful from the beginnings of his sentence, "and for *what*?"

or

dream has a big dick and george makes fun of him for it

Notes

hi hello yes. if u would have told me that i would come back to fic writing by writing porn, i would not be surprised. now if u told me it was going to be porn of random minecraft youtubers well

i was so surprised to not see the concept of Dream With A Big Fat Cock Gets Laughed At that i decided to speak it into existence. i've also seen a lot of people on twitter talk about how there isn't enough brat dream (so true) and tried to deliver on that as well. this was definitely mildly inspired by isntitcrazy's fic, devil's adornment which is amazing and u guys should check out!!!

the title is from killshot by magdalena bay which u should listen to the slow version of bc it's so good AND officially on spotify

- Inspired by [Devil's Adornment](#) by [isntitcrazy](#)

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"My dick is so big."

The words, that George is quite honestly *sick* of hearing, are covered in a cocky sureness, filled with a smugness that makes the brunet roll his eyes on the other end of the mic.

He scoffs, staring at the (maybe) red coloured screen with a bold 'You died!' staring back. "Why is that always your go-to? Do you have nothing else to pride yourself on?"

He hears Dream breathe out a small laugh, that *irritating* haughtiness still imbued in his tone, "Well ... it's just true."

George rolls his eyes again as he clicks respawn, mindlessly punching Dream's lime-green avatar as the latter stood AFK. "Wow, I think twitter has gotten to your head, Dream. You desperately need some humbling."

A sudden eruption of laughter sounds through his headset, high and chest-filled. "Oh yeah, and I'm sure *you're* going to be the one who does that, George," the blond replies, snide evident as he continued to laugh, wheezy and mocking.

The older pauses moving his character. He did *not* like how that sounded. Why the hell is he making it sound like George was some little bitch?

"Why would you say it like that?"

The taller huffs a small scoff, like it was *so* obvious. "Come on, George, like *you* could do *anything* to me. Let's be real here." the brunet swears he feels his eye twitch.

"Huh, okay. My flight is literally two days from now, is it not? Should we see what exactly that *so* highly raved dick can do?" George was so agitated he didn't even realize what exactly he implied until after the words left his mouth.

They had always toed the line, the line in the middle of friends and something more. Between soft words and ten hour long calls, across cheap sex jokes and playful banter. They found fun in dancing close, but never over the unspoken boundary between them. But this felt ... this felt like a breach against a careful barrier. This felt a bit too real, the promise of actuality tainting the blurry line, the truth of possibility weighing the scale.

George can't bring himself to care about it though when he hears the spluttering of speechlessness from the other end of the call, a newfound grin lifting his lips.

"What, are you *scared*, Dream? You've talked so much shit for how long now, with *nothing* behind it? Sad." He plays up the mocking disappointment, envisioning the red flush rising on the blond's face as heat concentrates in his ears, finally getting a taste of the embarrassment he makes the brunet feel so often.

"What the fuck, *no*. No. I-I've meant every word I've said," He stumbles over his words, shock and embarrassment evident in his voice. "You just caught me ... caught me off guard. That's all. I am actually packing, and you're going to regret this."

George continued to smile even wider at the clear fluster in his voice. God, this feels so good, feels so much more *right*. The feeling is tangible in his chest, making its way to his skull as he keeps thinking. He couldn't help but love this Dream—all shy and fazed, but *bratty*. And *oh*, did that realization make something strike deep in the older's stomach.

“Well, you have nothing to worry about then, hm?”

“Yeah, obviously.” Annnnd, there it was. George scoffs at the reintroduction to the cocky Dream he was dealing with before, his hands making their way back to the keyboard at the silent agreement between them to go back to playing.

George wins some, Dream wins most and they retract back into their old banter, Dream getting back to the high of his wins as he shoots insults and covers himself in easy praise.

George doesn't even care. He can't stop thinking about the flustered Dream who he backed into a corner with his last line of defence just an excuse to his fluster, can't stop thinking about the *bratiness* behind it all, the push of fight as he caged him like a stray cat in an alley.

George wants to see that Dream again.

george

im here by luggage

come get me

rn

dream

ok

wait where

wait i see u omg

“GEORGE!”

George whips his head towards the direction of the voice, smiling stupidly when he sees both of his best friends hurdle towards him with matching bright grins.

“Hello—mmph!” His introduction is muffled as his face is pushed into a soft and warm black-clothed chest, arms wrapping around him as different-sounding giggles fill the summery air. He relaxes and shuts his eyes as he reaches around the figure he knows from the height is Dream and hugs back, only disjoining to hug Sapnap who is laughing at nothing in particular, just excited to *finally* have both of his closest friends with him.

The brunet doesn't even try to muffle the joy in his chest, letting it cloud his head and reach his cheeks as they already pain with the strain of smiling.

“I—Oh my god. Holy shit, finally,” George breathes out through a small laugh, “I *finally* get to live with you idiots! This is *real*.”

“Only thirty seconds into meeting you in real life and you’re already insulting us? You hurt me, Gogy.” Sapnap dramatically clutches at his chest, feigned pain on his face as George rolls his eyes.

“Is that my hoodie?”

The older looks up at the questioning voice, about to respond but the words go missing as he gets to finally, *finally* see how Dream looks.

He’s seen brief images from discord and imessage, distorted bits through grainy facetime calls and cheap webcams. But now ... now he actually gets to see. And George thanks God that he never made quips about the blond’s unknown looks because Jesus, the guy was genuinely so good-looking.

His cheeks were peppered with freckles that George suddenly yearned to memorize with deep olive green eyes to frame them. His jaw was pronounced, but soft and delicate almost, the lines of his face drawn neat and gentle. He was so ... pretty. And it strikes George a bit speechless before he finds words again, shaking his head a little to rattle his brain back to sense.

He makes note of the faint redness to the taller’s cheeks when he asks, smirking a little.

“This?” he looks down at the black sweater, white smiley-face greeting him, “Oh yeah, it is. The infamous Dream hoodie. Look at me, repping your merch.”

They begin to walk to the exit as Dream chuckles, “Yeah? You practically live in it. You’re a walking billboard of my brand at this point.”

George shrugs as a response. He wasn’t wrong, it is his favourite hoodie. It was comfortable and cozy so he wore it all the time (no other reason. nope).

“You could at least return the favour, seeing as though I am getting you *so much* exposure, clearly. Where is your GeorgeNotFound merch, hm?”

“He’s too busy wearing Sapnap merch, actually,” the man in front replies in place of the taller, twirling the car keys around his finger as he leans against the metal doorframe, waiting for the other two to catch up.

Dream smiles and it feels so *surreal* to see his face move with his voice, to see his small grin when he replies, “Heh, that’s true.” He fiddles with the screen-printed flame on his black t-shirt.

It didn’t surprise George how easily they fall into normalcy, how natural it all feels as they talk in the car. Nothing was different than the late nights on discord, than the long streams of back-and-forth. Nothing changed.

Well, maybe there was a *little* difference. There was this newfound ... tension between Dream and George. Glances meant to be short turned timeless, gazes held too long to be normal—to be *platonic*.

Over the next few days, the older couldn’t stop noticing how Dream looked at him with this stare of *expectancy*, like he was waiting for something. George would sit down next to him on the couch in the living room and notice the sudden stillness of the younger’s chest, like he was bracing for an impact. It would leave the second they started talking, the brunet quirking a brow but leaving it at that. It struck him as strange as Dream tended to speak about his discomforts and not let them bottle up, vulnerability something he was more open with than either George or Sapnap, especially *with* George or Sapnap.

It all comes to a head while Sapnap was visiting family in Texas, around two weeks after George

had moved in. The odd bracing Dream was doing had toned down, but not gone away. At this point the older just ignored it, just expecting it to die down as it didn't seem to hold any bearing on their relationship, just a brief moment of unknown before normalcy again.

The pair were speaking on the large grey couch, the brunet having fallen asleep there before being woken up by impatient hands and a dopey grin which only grew wider at the 'Fuck off' it was met by. George now finds himself listening as Dream tells him a story about Sapnap, very into it and hardly focusing on the brunet, or really anything else at all.

“—and he got *so* mad, so I told him that my dick was bigg—” he all of a sudden stops, retracting in on himself like a hit puppy.

George's face twists with confusion. What happened? He was about to ask but Dream backtracks before he has the chance.

“Forget that, anyways, he got mad, right—” *Wait.*

George, in his now completely lucid glory, remembers the particular conversation they had two weeks ago. *Oh.*

His polite grin turns daggered, filled with sharpness and viciousness that he knows he didn't mask well because Dream stops himself again. He looks like a deer in headlights and George feels that same rush from two weeks ago hit deep in his chest and rise to his head. This was going to be *good*.

“What was that, Dream?” He asked with faux ignorance, laced with something evil behind it, something sinister. He already knows Dream is aware of what he's referring to, can tell from the way his Adams apple falls slowly against the too-clear expanse of his neck, attempting to swallow the lump in his throat as the blond feels the blood rush to his ears.

Dream's voice is strained, letting out a weak, “What?” as he tries dumbfoundedness, turning to look away from the devilish male in front of him. George wasn't going to have that. He quickly makes his way to sit between the taller male's legs that were sprawled across the seat cushions, kneeling as he reaches to grab at the blond's jaw, his grinning face staring down at the usually towering blond. George has never been so happy to have been woken up as he is now. No amount of sleep could compare to getting to watch in real-time as Dream's newly found soft, freckled skin grew burning hot, swearing he could feel the heat as the blush spread underneath his fingertips.

George gently tilts his head up. “You heard me. *What* did you say, Dream?” he chuckles so *mean* as Dream's mouth falls slack, nothing but air coming out as an answer. George lets his fingers trail to fluffy if not a bit damp, dirty blond hair, lightly scratching his scalp and relishing in the way he seems to lean into the touch instinctively, pretty, light-coloured lashes fluttering as he closes his eyes which have seem to become slightly glassy, olive green covered in light film. So pretty, so *naive*.

George suddenly tugs *hard*, a hitched whine sounding behind a forcefully closed mouth, deep from inside his throat while more red rushes to the already blistering cheeks with the failed attempt at muffling the sound.

Tsking, the brunet doesn't tug but pulls at the hay-coloured hair to force a more strained position for the younger, making the latter's teeth clench. “I asked you a *question*, Dream. Was all your talk actually just shit? Are you a little puny cocked *bitch*?” The glaze on green eyes clears in an instant, a sudden fire lit underneath as the younger's eyes narrow and the shorter sees him grind his jaw. If there was anything that gets the taller riled up, it was competition.

George can feel his heartbeat in his own chest at the new look. He couldn't *wait* to knock him down so many fucking pegs.

Dream snarls, finally moving his hands from where they laid motionless at his side to grab at George's waist, the brunet quirking a brow.

"Why don't you check for yourself, since you seem so obsessed with me and my fat dick," the blond spits, clear pride in his body after saying that, eyes filled with cocksure and his lips curled into a winning smirk. Victory is so sure on his face that George *almost* felt bad. Too bad he was a fucking *brat*.

The brunet scoffs, hand leaving the mused blond hair to reach the elastic of grey sweat pants, toying with the edge, excited by the sudden panic in still defiant eyes. Dream was not expecting the shorter to actually go this far, only saying that under the notion that George would make a bit of a face before reclining back to their previous position. He was wrong, obviously. Evident by the pale hand delicately dancing across his waist with creeping fingers that sometimes dipped slightly under the fabric, liking to see the hitch in the taller's breath.

They seemed to stay like that for a while, a mix of genuinely calm and forcefully relaxed breathing with matching pairs of blown-out eyes staring each other down.

"I guess we should find out, huh?"

Dream couldn't help but to feel like those words were going to be his death sentence.

George looks down for permission with a small pull of the blond's waistband, grinning at the nod he's responded with. He slowly, *so* slowly it was making Dream *lose his mind*, tugs down his sweats, letting them pool at his ankles before slipping them off completely, leaving the blond in just his boxers and black t-shirt.

George stares before he reveals the male, the hardness in the younger's eyes cracking a bit at the edges, his chest rising and falling with forced steadiness. The older wants to know how long it'll take for him to break completely.

With a twinge of excitement in his wrists, the brunet pulls at the elastic of the boxers. Oh. *Oh*.

The taller looks at George with shiny hopefulness in his eyes, like he's praying he's enough, that he has met some invisible bar that he can only blame himself for creating. His muscles tighten all over his body as he braces himself for the reaction, lungs frozen as he waits in what feels like a world gone still. All that, and he still wasn't prepared for the response.

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Now, he *definitely* did look this time, to watch the pretty, flushed face crumble as George chipped away at the defiance surrounding olivey eyes. The brunet laughs again as he gives it a rough, halfhearted jerk, grinning meanly at the choked moan he gets in response.

“Wow. I knew you said you were packing but *still*, this is impressive, Dream,” he praised, fake cloy dripping off of his voice, “but you’re so *nervous*, so scared. Why?” He tips his head sideways, playing innocent with wide eyes as he questions the blushing blond, already having a feeling he knew the answer.

George gives another mean stroke when he gets no response, watching the taller’s twitching hips struggle to stay still as he whines deep in his throat, fire still evident through the attempts to keep his head above water, to not let his small semblance of control leave his grasp with every suppressant of his groans.

The brunet sighs and fiddles with the head of his cock absentmindedly almost, like he was fucking *bored*. “I mean, look at this. You’re *so* big, Dream. Massive, I’d even say. What was there to ever be nervous about?”

Dream holds his breath as he chokes on his own quiet moans, refusing to free them as he feels the older’s hand carefully spread precum over the sensitive head of his dick before dragging the wetness down the impressively long length, having to stop halfway because there literally just wasn’t *enough left* to wet the entire thing.

The younger can’t stop the gasp that leaves his lips as George spits on his dick because *holy fucking shit is that hot*, but wanting to cry as the older continues his molasses pace that has him writhing in place. He can feel himself getting desperate, barely able to keep his mouth closed to muffle his embarrassing noises, but he knows the brunet is going to keep him captive till he cracks, till he *breaks*.

“It’s ‘cause it’s *useless*, isn’t it?”

The words hit Dream in the face like a freight train. *Fuck*. His face falls apart for the third time that day and George can tell he’s *won*.

He continues his mindless if not rough stroking, leaning closer. “Oh, that *is* what it is, huh?” he huffs a mocking laugh, “So much cock, so much dick, for it to all be so completely *worthless*.” He slowly drags his thumb over a prominent vein and it’s so fucking *mean* the way the degradation falls from his lips like they’re covered in candy-coated poison, like they’re *truths*.

Dream chokes as his last strings of defiance are being cut away by the humiliation melting his brain, choosing to cover his face in the crevice of his elbow as he feels the sting of tears already welling up in his hazy eyes, feeling the inferno of his cheeks against the crook of his arm.

He’s always been aware of how big his dick was, always understood what was expected of him *because* of it. It would come up in conversation and he’d brush off the ‘Could you fuck me with that thing?’ comments because he *doesn’t know* how to *use* it. He doesn’t know how to fall into dominance without it being see-through and frayed with the want to be taken care of, to be under someone else. He doesn’t want the reigns, he wants them to be tied around him. He doesn’t want control, he wants the *fight* for it, the challenge, but only with the ending goal of being on the other end of a person’s slap.

He’s always known this, and although he isn’t a blushing virgin, he hides inside of his arm, hoping his needy transparency can be covered by more tan skin.

George tsks, moving his other hand to pinch at the blond’s nipple and out of reflex, the taller moves his arm and arches his back against the sofa’s armrest. He can barely control his own reactions at this point, brain seeping out of his ears with each boiling rise of shame.

“Oh my god, you’re practically rutting against my hand! Someone with a cock like this, humping someone’s hand like a fucking *dog*. Pathetic.”

More warmth flushes Dream’s face, growing redder, if it was even *possible*, when he realizes he hadn’t even noticed the older’s hand had stopped moving, still lost in trying to get to his own pleasure as he focused on jutting his hips into the stilled hand of the older while breathy moans fell from his mouth, close to pleas but *still* trying to hold onto his fraying strings.

The brunet surprisingly lets him, stays silent as the blond feverishly fucks himself in his grip and Dream doesn’t have the brainpower to try and put together why, too busy chasing his release through twitching ruts and choked moans.

“*Fuck*—fuck, o-oh my god. *Ngh*—I’m *close*, so close. Fuck, George—shit, I’m gonna—“

George pulls his hand away and Dream *wails*.

“No, no, no—” the blond’s hips are *shaking* from the denial, desperate movements coupled with near sobs as tan hands grip the sofa cushions with world-crushing force, “—fuck, y-you, you *can’t*—I need—I was *so close*. Fu-fuck you, *fuck* you—Why did you ... *fuck you*.” He tips his head back to stare up at the ceiling as he shoots malicious but weak words at the still level-headed brunet, tears pooling in his eyes and threatening to fall as desperation overtakes his want to fight.

And George, George fucking *coos* at him for it, takes the hand not covered in precum and spit and brushes a gentle thumb on the ruddy freckled skin of his cheekbones, watching with sadistic delight at the twitch of the younger’s body at the soft touch.

“Awh, poor *baby*,” the shorter soothes with sickly sweetness, continuing his light ministrations while Dream snuffles. “Can’t even get off with this worthless thing on your own,” he drops the hand on the younger’s face and brings the other back to the aching red cock, dipping his thumb into the slit to hear the choked sound, nearing close to a sob.

“This big cock is so *wasted* on you,” he says with exaggerated disappointment, moving the length side-to-side as if he’s inspecting it. The blond does let out a whimper at that, feeling his head go foggier with every bit of humiliation and degradation muddling his brain. “Such a useless, big dicked *slut*.”

And Dream whines the loudest he has all day at that, trying to fuck himself again with weak thrusts as his oversensitive body reacts before he can think because there really isn’t much left for him to think *with*, just a heaviness in his brain which was being held together by a slim rubber band ready to break. He can feel something warm on his cock and *oh*, George spat on him again.

The older does it one more time, clear liquid dribbling down the *stupidly long* length before he drags the saliva across a long vein with this finger, slow. And something inside Dream *snaps*.

“*Please*,” he was *begging* and holy shit did that sound *so fucking good* in George’s ears. “Puh-please, George. Fuck, help—*help* me, let me cum. Let me *cum*. *Please*.” The older looks into, *finally*, pleading and soft green eyes, filled with *so much* desperateness and need, hazed and aching wanting, the dam finally broken and now absolutely *flooding*. When the blond doesn’t feel any new simulation, he *cries*, sticky sobs sticking against the reds of his cheeks, so lost in his own want and heat to even realize he was crying at all.

George rubs his thumb beneath his glassy, filmed eyes, spreading the wetness under his finger as he asks a genuine and lilt filled ‘Are you okay?’, smiling with soft gentleness at the small ‘Yeah’ he gets in return. He kisses along the peppering of his face, realizing with mild horror he hasn’t

kissed Dream at all today. Maybe it was because kissing was much more *intimate* than just sex, so much closer. But their blurry line had been long forgotten the moment they met each other in the airport and George doesn't even think twice before bringing his lips to meet Dream's.

It's not rushed, it's sweet and passionate with the older tipping the blond's head up slightly by the jaw as he licks into the latter's mouth who lets the other have full control, making low moans as George's tongue dutifully explored and prodded the ridges inside, not giving him a chance to *breathe* and leaving him wonderfully lightheaded. The brunet tastes the salt of his tears as he swipes his tongue along smooth teeth, swallowing each breathy noise that left the taller's throat and feeling each vibration as he moved his hand to gently hold the side of his neck, skin warm and soft.

He changes the sweetness with a bite to the blond's slick lower lip, giggling into his mouth at the whimper from the harshness of his teeth. He doesn't relent, switching between rocking his tongue down his throat to suckling and nipping at his slowly reddening bottom lip, opening his own brown eyes to look into foggy green ones, glazed and almost cross-eyed with every deep inhale of shared hot breath. Dream is whining before he notices, trying to grind his crotch against George in mindless need.

"George, George—I need, *fuck*, I need you to-to—*please*," he breaths into the brunet's mouth, unable to even get his brain to formulate proper sentence anymore, the only things ringing in his head being *George* and *please*.

The older goes back to his cruelty in an instant, moving away from the blond's lips, watching the string of saliva connecting them and hearing a distressed whine at the disconnect before swiping his tongue over already wet, raw lips.

"You gotta be clearer than that, Dream," he says, dragging his thumb over the tender flesh of the taller's mouth. He waits until it looks like he's about to say something to light grind their hips together once, grinning maliciously at how the words fall away from his sore lips, gone to be forgotten as the blond loses himself in the brief moment of pleasure, twitching his hips towards hopeful stimulation.

"*Please*, you-you *know*. You fu-fucking *know*," he's starting to cry again, no defiance to hold them back and desperation bringing them forward as they fall from his watery eyes. "Touch me, George. Fuckin'—*please*. Please, please let me cum. I'll be *good*, I'll do anything, just—*please*." George doesn't think he will ever get over how hot Dream begging is.

"Shh, don't worry, I'll touch you. You just gotta do one thing for me, okay?" George rubs the shaven edge of Dream's jaw while cooing at needy tear-filled eyes laughing quietly at how quickly the blond nods at his question, like an over-eager puppy.

He reaches down to grab and jerk the still slick cock, rewarded immediately with a loud and unmuffled moan which goes straight to his stomach. He still giggles meanly at how the taller's hips begin to desperately rut into his hand, not stilling this time and instead matching the eager thrusts of the blond. He strokes and pets the dark honey-coloured hair while stroking, moving it away from over his eyes to dab light kisses along his burning cheekbones, hearing every single loud moan and brainless plea as Dream inches closer and closer to release. But, like the sadistic bastard he is, George takes his hand off.

"I couldn't having you cumming without doing something for me," the brunet explains with a soft voice, Dream barely having it in him to cry, just sobbing and shaking against the armrest as begging falls quietly from his lips absentmindedly, naturally. He just wants to do what George wants him to do and to just *cum*.

“Just say, ‘my big, fat slutty cock is worth nothing’, okay? I promise you can cum right after,” he’s soft as he says it, cotton in his tone as he carefully combs a piece of blond hair to behind the taller’s ear, scratching the back of his scalp gently as the cruel, degrading words said with such softness make Dream’s head spin. George kisses his forehead and for the final time, starts stoking him again, the cue for the aforementioned words to come to light.

“My-My big—*ah*, my big—big, fat s-slutty, *hnn*—slutty cock,” he pauses, desperately trying to catch his breath and clear his mind enough to speak without moaning and crying through every syllable. “My big, fat slut-*slutty* cock is worth absolutely *nothing*.” he’s completely sobbing through the last word, hips frantic as he feels the knot in his stomach itch to unravel. He looks up at the brunet, foggy happiness radiating through his goey head at the look of utter joy on George’s face, looking like a *winner* but Dream doesn’t even care, not when he feels so *good*.

“Good boy, so perfect, so perfect for me,” coos fall from George’s lips with softness, smiling as the praise rolls the blond’s eyes into his skull. He makes sure to focus on giving the blond at absolute best hand job he can, rubbing one of his nipples through the black shirt with his other hand as he twists his fingers over the sensitive head of his dick, making sure to press gently into the veins over the rest of the length as the younger jerks his cock desperately against his hand. “C’mon, Dream. Cum for me, cum for me with your useless, fat cock.”

With a shaking cry that makes George’s head spin, he lets go of the knot in his abdomen, cumming with twitchy hips as he rocks through his orgasm, back arching and legs actually *trembling* where they’re laid against the couch as strangled moan-mixed-sobs fall from his bitten lips. The older continues stroking at an even pace, waiting a little after Dream’s pleased moans turn painful and his hips retract from his touch before stopping, a bit cruel, but the resounding sob was worth it.

“You did so well, Dream. You were so good,” George says as he litters soft kisses against the blond’s cheeks before pulling the taller’s head against his chest, fully seated in his lap now that he tucked Dream back into his boxers, careful not to give any painful stimulation. The brunet definitely made note of how much the younger enjoyed praise, making sure to shower him with it as Dream slowly recovered his breathing, wrapping long tan arms around the lithe of George’s waist as he breathed in the scent of the shorter’s sweater, face buried deep against the fabric of his sternum. “You’re such a good boy, Dream, really.”

Dream mutters something that sounds like a small ‘Thank you’, still buzzing after one of the most powerful orgasms he’s ever had, reeling as his legs still shake and cheeks only now begin to lose their rud.

George presses a small kiss to the top of his sandy hair, whispering a small, “Of course,” as he plays delicately with the golden pieces of hair, listening to the blond’s light breathing and feeling their heartbeats rhythmically sync.

Minutes pass with just them conjoined together, enjoying each other’s calming and cooling presences before Dream realizes something.

“Wait, George. Did you even get off?” he asks, moving his face from the cotton-blend of his chest to look up. A long few seconds go by and the taller is now acutely aware of the bulge against his own crotch, previously too wrapped up in his own body to even realize. He widens his eyes as a small huff that leaves the brunet.

“I guess I got a bit caught up with you there,” he scoffs at himself, glancing down at the now aching tent in his pants, the attention brought to it bringing forth its need. “It’s completely okay though, I’ll just jerk off or something later.”

“Orrrr—” the blond trails with a small smile on his peppered face, staring up at George expectantly as he runs his large hands down the brunet’s waist and hips. The latter raises his eyebrow, starting to trail his hand along the junction of Dream’s neck and jaw, exhaling a tiny laugh at how easily the younger’s eyes fluttered at the light touch. “You could always fuck me?” it comes out as more of an offer than a statement and the brunet *grins*.

“Yeah?” he gazes into hopeful olive eyes, the blond clearly crossing his fingers for older’s stamp of approval. George can’t stop the small scoff that leaves his lips at the eagerness. “Well then, my bedroom or yours?”

Chapter End Notes

sorry if this is awkward! it's my first time writing in awhile. but there just isn't enough content for the dom george and sub dream enjoyers so it Had To Be Done. there will most likely be a part two, and maybe even soon! it didn't take me that long to write this so fingers crossed i will do it

tell me what u think!!!!!! anything at all!!!!!! leave a kudos if u want!!!!!!

thank u for reading

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

“It’s a bit early to be on your knees, Dream,” George comments with a brow quirked, so fucking *smug* in his tone and posture as he watches the blond clench his jaw and ball his fists, turning his knuckles white with strain, “Never knew you were such an easy slut.”

Dream feels a hot wave of anger and humiliation and forces his scoff to not waver when he retaliates, “Says the whore who’s walking around with a hardon.”

The brunet chuckles lightly, but it’s tinged with something that makes sweat bead on the younger’s skin, “Whore? Sorry to have to be the one to tell you this, Dream, but I wasn’t the one crying over the fact my cock is useless and quite literally *begging* to cum ten minutes ago.”

The blond is left completely silent as the words carve into his floored figure. How can he argue against the literal *truth*, against what he knew was undeniably fact. How can he argue when his accuser was the only witness, the fucking *reason*.

Chapter Notes

"there will most likely be a part two, and maybe even soon!" they said, like a liar

ANYWAYS here is the painfully long awaited part 2!!!!!! this is maybe the longest pwp i have ever written this beast somehow becoming 10k ?????? words ??????? i hope the length makes up for how long it took ahhh

i also wanna say a massive THANK U SO MUCH for all the support for this fic!!!!!! writing for u guys has been so nice u are all so sweet and supportive :) i cannot thank u enough

i'm so happy i can finally just release this thing WOOOOOOOOOO hope it was worth the wait :))))

enjoy!!!! :DDD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They end up going with Dream’s room, something about a ‘Bigger bed’ and ‘No weird British funk’ being met with an offended scoff and rolling eyes, but complacence. And George swears that he’s never seen the blond move as fast as he has stumbling towards the bedroom, shaking legs still not fully recovered as he practically trips over himself to get to the door. His face is already tinting bright red at the pathetic state of his body, gangly limbs weak and exhausted despite laying down the entire time.

It's so incredibly embarrassing which of course means it's fucking *amusing* to the brunet who laughs coldly at his fragility as he walks completely steady behind him, watching the blond grip at the doorframe while desperately willing his lower-half to stop *trembling* like he'll collapse from a faint breeze. The catalyst of wind takes form in George who doesn't even *try* to mask his true intentions as he pretends to trip with a deadpan 'oops', taking refuge before he can fall by steadying himself with Dream's recovering body, grinning as the susceptible blond crumbles to his knees with a echoing bang from skin meeting the cold floor. George can't bring himself to feel bad, not when it's still so nice to witness sunkissed skin burn so brutally red under his gaze, to stand over someone who should really be towering him as their body shakes as aftermath from *his* touch.

"It's a bit early to be on your knees, Dream," George comments with a brow quirked, so fucking *smug* in his tone and posture as he watches the blond clench his jaw and ball his fists, turning his knuckles white with strain, "Never knew you were such an easy slut."

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The blond is left completely silent as the words carve into his floored figure. How can he argue against the literal *truth*, against what he knew was undeniably fact. How can he argue when his accuser was the only witness, the fucking *reason*.

He settles for a, "Go fuck yourself," gritting his teeth and raising his eyes from the floor to stare as bitterly as he can into dark brown eyes, them crinkled at the edges as the older smiles small, but telling. It should be soft by any means but it's anything but, filled with indifference and blatant disregard and covered in a final layer of *mean*.

"Maybe I should. Not like your cock's going to be good for anything, anyways." He doesn't even *look* at Dream when he says it, staring idly at his nails even when one of his socked feet goes to gently push the taller's kneeling legs apart.

And it's so *humiliating* how every one of Dream's attempts of control are snuffed so casually under the brunet's unwavering palms, like lit cigarettes pushed against pavement to die as each one of his grasps of the reins slip through the spaces between his fingers, fire snuffing slowly with every kick being met back with triple the force. The metaphorical reins dangle in front of his face with cruel hands as he tries to claw for them only to be pulled out of his reach with a blow to his ego and spit on his face.

He brings his eyes back down as he feels his legs forced to part, sitting on his heels and feeling so much like a scolded puppy, degraded but so *small*, so powerless, like even if he had gotten away with it, it wouldn't have even *mattered*. Even if he managed to grip the reins between his teeth, at the end of the day he would still just be a *bitch*.

George smiles at the recline, returning his gaze to watch with a satisfied stare as tan skin grows red hot all over again. He can't stop himself from reaching to grab at the blond's chin, gripping the soft skin of his jaw lightly as he angles Dream's head upwards to meet his cocky, but still somehow casual stare.

"You're all quiet now. Being a little bit mean to your dick was all it took? I'm almost disappointed, Dream," he chides with a faux frown tilting his lips, trying to suppress his grin at the feeling of teeth grinding beneath the flesh he holds in his hand. How could he ever be disappointed at

something so deeply *satisfying*. “Well, I shouldn’t be too surprised. You were literally crying from a fucking handjob not even a second ago. A bit pathetic, huh?” And the blond grits his teeth.

“... No,” Dream responds back with a reserved voice, feeling so unreasonably small underneath a man so much shorter than him.

“No?” the older man raises his eyebrows, keeping his hold on the blond’s face unmoving, but still gentle as he stares into hard olive eyes.

“I’m not ... pathetic.” Dream already can tell from the way his own heart is in his throat that he knows he isn’t going to get a good reaction, but that still doesn’t change the way his face rushes with heat at the twisted fucking laugh he gets in response, the one he’s slowly becoming hypnotized by with the way it makes his entire body just *crumble*.

“Really, Dream? ‘Not pathetic’, like you didn’t just get off to me telling you your cock is worthless?” he’s giggling as he says it, like salt to a burn wound as he body shakes with laughter, “Open your mouth, I want to show you something.”

The younger, as expected, refuses, continuing to stare at George with an unmoving resilience even if he’s so clearly already lost, kneeling on the hard floor with his jaw held between the older’s hands with freckled cheeks sanguine with shame and arousal, at his *mercy*. George doesn’t think twice before moving his foot to the (large) tent in the blond’s boxers, rolling his eyes with a pleased smile at how easily Dream’s mouth falls open to moan as he presses against the bulge.

The older takes his opportunity quickly and squeezes his fingers into the skin of the younger’s cheeks, almost bruising as it keeps his mouth open in a dumb ‘o’, the blond making a noise of discontentment in both vulnerability and pain.

Dream swears the world goes slow for a minute as something wet and hot hits his lips, brain moving like molasses and eyes completely unfocused as he struggles for his grip on reality for a minute, head growing hazy and empty. He returns to lucidity when he feels how it’s cooled over the forced-purse of his lips, looking up from his daze to a sinister, dark look, seeing him pull a strange face of his own. Dream doesn’t have time to register what that means before he actually *watches* this time as saliva is spat onto the corner of his mouth, some trickling inside. Fuck.

He doesn’t get to have time to recover from it before George is shoving his two finger into his mouth, the hand on his cheeks moving to between his lips while the other goes to hold a firm grip in already mused blond hair, the older smiling at the sudden splutter falling from Dream’s lips as he tries to speak, maybe a protest, maybe a neediness he’d never admit, he doesn’t know. It just sounds pathetic and the blood in his body rushes to the boiling tips of his ears.

“Come on, Dream. Be honest with yourself,” the brunet makes sure the taller can feel how he’s slathering his spit into his tongue, almost a massage the way he rubs his fingers over the expanse of pink muscle, so fucking wet and filthy how their saliva combines, through pale hands shoving it into his esophagus, “Who other than a pathetic whore would take this?”

Dream hates the way he’s so easily read, the way those words ring so utterly true. He doesn’t get time to respond, not that he could with fingers wedged between his teeth.

“I fucking spat in your mouth and am now finger-fucking it into your face,” he drives his fingers down farther and harder to emphasize his point, hearing a gurgling noise sounding something between a moan and pain, “you are *pathetic*, Dream.”

Watery film begins to grow over green eyes at that, maybe from the degradation, maybe from the

cruel fingers unsympathetically thrusting into the softs of his throat. Either way, the blond is left to make useless choked noises muffled by mean hands, responses dying quickly with every press against his sloppy tongue and hit against the back of his throat, each one of his garbled attempts of defending himself silenced so filthily, so *easily*.

“You’re lucky I like you like that,” George doesn’t even acknowledge his effort to respond back, continuing his speech with that casual look of indifference that is driving Dream fucking crazy. The older suddenly stops his thrusting fingers at the point where they’re completely set inside, holding the blond on them with a vice grip on his hair as he gags and attempts to pull off with no avail, wetness in his eyes barely clinging to their surface, “it’s nice to see you shut up once in a while.”

He feels the hand in his hair relax, trying to watch through tear-filled eyes as the shorter reaches down to his own erection to palm himself at how fucking *hot* Dream is, all flushed cheeks and watery eyes. It’s tantalizing to Dream the way pale fingers trail over his own groin, slender hand tipped with pink holding the tent of his pants, the bulge so engrossing to the unwavering gaze of the blond. Suddenly, Dream wants more than just fingers.

“Mmph!” He tries to get out his pleas for something more, but it comes out all incoherent and wet around the thickness of the brunet’s fingers, split leaking and starting to gather at the corners of his mouth with every try of eligibility. And it’s so fucking *mean* the way George just giggles when he whines around them in frustration, the older taking his hand off of himself to go swipe the wet skin Dream’s chin, brushing the slickness with his thumb and dragging it over his blisteringly hot cheeks, coating them with cooling warmth.

“Do you want something, Dream?” George speaks like just the act of the blond speaking was an annoyance, disinterested but still holding something haughty inside. George is far from it, but the rush to his head from the way the blond’s eyes flutter involuntarily from the tone makes it so worth it as he continues his steady pace inside of the younger’s throat, “I can’t do anything if you’re not clear.”

Dream makes another whine, trying to communicate through the phalanges between his teeth that he *can’t*, that he can’t and it’s all *his* fucking fault. It doesn’t come out like that though, just a weak and gurgly noise, bratty in its fight and humiliating in its execution.

“Your—your *cock*,” he finally gets something coherent out once the brunet relents, fingers stilled on his tongue as the words come through, still slurred and breathless as the younger’s chest heaves. But of course, he’s not rewarded for his triumph.

“My cock?” George thrusts his fingers downwards for emphasis, laughing under his breath at the tears pooling in this blond’s waterline from the roughness and the way his eyes glaze from *another* one of his attempts for control being kicked down, “What makes you think you deserve my cock when you don’t even deserve your own?”

Dream’s eyes squeeze shut, a single tear spilling from the action, aimlessly hoping that somehow not having to look at the cruel look on the shorter’s face will make the blow at his pride better, make the blood running to his ears feel less like magma and burnt by hot coal.

George shoves his fingers again, feeling the way the blond’s throat flutters around them as he splutters with a gag, eyes still forcing themselves shut, probably for Dream’s best seeing as though he was one more sensation away from the film of his eyes spilling over. But the brunet starts to rub the warmth of his tongue, the softer motions and the comforting heaviness in his mouth causing the taller to open his eyes, olive green glossed over as he stares up at George with something like desperation twisting between the cracks of his defiance. Neediness, neediness for *George* wedging

itself into his shield of brattiness as humiliation and want wear him in. George feels his heart beat against his chest.

“Maybe another time,” he smiles down at the deep and disappointed whine he gets in response, “I just want to fuck you today, really want you to remember what you are. My slutty fat cocked bitch.”

He pulls his fingers out of the hot expanse of Dream’s mouth just as he says it, watching with a gleed excitement at how the younger’s face flushes hot, red seeping all over his already fuming cheeks as delicious shame floods his senses white-hot. He moves his hand away slowly, knowing that the blond is watching the filthy string of saliva connecting his lips to the fingers that were just in his throat. He feels so *empty*.

“Please,” he doesn’t even mean to say it, it just comes out before he can hold it in, the fog starting to cloud his brain despite his stubbornness to prevent his fall, “please, George.”

The older laughs at the obvious mindlessness, continuing to giggle at the way the blond immediately goes wide-eyed and embarrassed afterwards at the registration of his own brainless pleads.

Before Dream can backtrack, George squats down to be level with him for somehow the first time this night, the blond being on his knees and slouching making him short enough to be equal to the older’s squat. George smiles sweetly at him, the condescending twist of it not even surprising the blond as he stares with a forced expression of stillness, the want to beg for more being carefully guarded by his need to fight, desperation for his pride. The brunet tips his head up, a finger pushing his chin towards him, George’s lips getting so close he swears he can taste them. But before the blond can try and catch his lips, the wanting look in his eyes telling, the older presses them together first, a soft and short kiss that Dream tries to get harder but with no avail. It’s all cotton and gentle with quiet sounds and closed eyes, ending far faster than the younger wanted as the pink lips leave his own and he’s left to stare with a wanting gaze and an upset whine, eyes open and pleading as he watches the brunet get up and look down at him.

“I thought you wanted me to fuck you?” George smirks at the full-body reaction that he gets, laughing as Dream shoots up from his spot on his aching knees, ignoring the pain in his legs at the sudden movement as he grabs the arm of the unsuspecting brunet to pull him inside of his bedroom, pushing George, who is still surprised by the suddenly strong and eager blond, onto the bed flat on his back. Dream crawls to be over him, knees on either side of George’s hips, still blind in his neediness as he moves his frenzied lips across the unmarked skin brunet’s neck, missing the noise of annoyance as the hissing sound of kiss teeth falls on deaf ears.

George lets him have it at first, lets the desperate blond work himself up even more as he drags his mouth over the older’s jaw, hurried hands relishing in finally feeling skin as he pushes his hands under the black shirt preventing him from seeing pale skin he wants so bad, the soft feeling of flesh and warmth making his mind haywire because *finally*, touch. It isn’t until Dream rolls his hips against George’s that he steps in.

He moves his hand resting against the bed to grip roughly at the soft dark-blond hair near his face, smiling at the whimper and pulling the silky strands just a bit more taut to hear it trail into a pained, but undoubtedly needy, whine. Dream stops his movements, his arms moving so he’s gently holding the lithe of the brunet’s waist instead of greedily touching the skin of his stomach and chest, eyes squeezing shut as sparks of pain fly across his scalp.

“I think you’re confused about who is fucking who, Dream,” he says with a calm anger, mean but still relaxed and in control as the blond’s breath holds still in his chest and the hand in his hair

remains unmoving, “You need to stop thinking with that useless dick of yours. It’s not going to get you anywhere.”

Dream knows this is a losing battle, can barely move his own head without embers of pain shooting through his nerves, but he tries anyway.

“I—why can’t I fuck you?” he’s setting himself up and he *knows* it, he does. But he can’t stop himself from fighting, pride and ego battling against the obvious winner in this unfair duel. Maybe some deep rooted part of him likes it, sets himself up on purpose, relishing when the inevitable happens and he is left to lay more chipped in his mess of burning humiliation. Maybe, but he’ll never admit that. “I could—I could fuck you.” And George just laughs, loosening his grip for a brief moment, just long enough for Dream’s strained expression to fall relaxed before pulling hard again with sadistic joy.

“Maybe one day, if you’re *really* good, I’ll tie you down and ride you,” he feels the way the blond’s breath hitches from the thought, staggered between the heavy breathing from the pain in his scalp, “But you’d still be nothing more than a glorified dildo for me to use. One fucktoy to another.”

Dream feels his heart in the tightness of throat, words clogged, maybe not even *there* to begin with, brain succumbing to mush and emptiness as George’s words sink deep inside him and he feels like he might crumble both literally and figuratively if not the mean hold in his hair.

“Oh, you like that, do you?” The blond whimpers quietly and closes his eyes in the raw embarrassment of being caught so easily. The older just laughs, his harsh grip turning to gentle touches on Dream’s sore scalp as he caresses the blond messy waves of hair with a genuine carefulness, easing the ache with a tender and kind grin, “You would, wouldn’t you? Truly such a whore.”

The whiplash between such sweet touches and mean degradation makes Dream’s head fog and drain dry, not having anything to say beyond a resounding whine, not able to bring himself to deny it as he feels his face grow hotter and the pressure to just get fucked only heightens with every passing second. He tries to grind down again, almost-bare thighs shaking by the older’s hips as he attempts to grasp at any simulation but is expertly stopped by surprisingly strong hands on his waist before he can even get *anything*. They hold him so close yet so far away from what he wants, the blond crying out something between a plea and curse at the weakness in his body and at the giggling brunet as he drives himself mad for more, for *George*.

“I just—George, I need—fuck, what do I even—God, fucking, *do* something. You keep calling—keep calling *me* useless but you haven’t even *done* anything.”

George tightens his grip on the red-faced blond above him, the touch enough for Dream to shut up and throw his head back with a quiet moan, so embarrassingly desperate for anything that even a harsh press into the flesh of his stomach has him close to snapping. The older scoffs.

“That’s exactly it, isn’t it? I haven’t done anything, but look—” he rubs his thumbs, which have now trailed down to the boneiness of the taller’s hip-bones, fingers dipping just into the hem of his black boxers to swipe and massage the skin just one movement away from where Dream is aching. A loud moan falls easily from his lips at the hard caressing, hips trying to twitch in his hold. “—you’re so *easy*, Dream. I don’t even have to go near your dumb cock for you to fall apart.”

Dream’s already trembling arms collapse at that, tearful face falling against the soft black-clothed chest of the older as he feels his cock twitch helplessly in the too-tight restraints of his boxers, feeling so vulnerable, so *raw* in his position with his back softly arched and his pride laid

meaninglessly in front of him all shattered and untethered by mean words cruel hands.

“That’s actually the funniest part. You say you could fuck me, but that’s not the important bit,” George lets his hands move to meet at the small of Dream’s curved back, the younger still half-collapsed on top of him and he can hear how he is gripping at the bedsheets underneath his palms, seemingly all the strength in his body gone except for there. “No, the important part is the despite all your cock, you don’t *want* to fuck me. No, you want to *get* fucked, you want to lie on your back and get called a slut and just sit there and take it.” George lifts his head with a firm, but careful hold of the blond’s hair, making his voice a gentle condescension, “Because at the end of the day, Dream, you really are just some whore with a fat cock and a big mouth. *My* bitch with a useless dick to do what I want with. Because no matter how much you choose to be a brat, you’ll still always find your way here, underneath me.”

Dream could respond with a clean rebuttal of ‘I’m actually the one on top of you right now’ but George was *right*, George was always fucking right and Dream was left to fumble with the mess of himself from being picked apart and torn to shreds, assemble the pieces of his peeling ego as each poison-dripping word sent heat to his groin and ruddied his face as cloudiness overtakes his thinking and nothing but the visceral feelings of need and desperation are left to sit in the thrumming of his skin and brain.

Luckily, George doesn’t seem to expect him to say anything, the older taking it upon himself to flip their positions, easily moving the taller’s pliant body to below him, laughing at the tiny whimper the other makes at being manhandled with such ease.

Dream stares, no, fucking *oogles* the shorter’s legs as George finally takes his pants off, thighs nothing less than hypnotic as they frame the bare expanse of the younger’s own legs. He wants to touch, wants to *feel*.

Just as George goes to pull his shirt off, halfway with the fabric covering his eyes and arms raised over his head, he feels fingers softly rub the smooth pale skin of his legs, thighs being carefully but eagerly caressed by genuinely adoring hands that pull the older towards the bed in less of a demand but more of a request, clear in its want for closeness but not an act of control.

The brunet takes off his shirt quicker and tosses it across the room to be forgotten, flushing mildly under the wanting gaze of the younger as Dream continues to touch and feel his body, tan hands exploring the newly exposed flesh of his torso with the soft sound of skin sliding against skin filling the room. George, to his own dismay, has to put a stop to it to take off the blond’s shirt and boxers, carefully grabbing the easily movable hands on his stomach, smiling at their placidity as he rests them on the bed over Dream’s head, the latter’s eyes gleaming and mouth opening and closing like he wants to say something but can’t figure out what.

The blond feels so exposed, so extremely bare and helpless laid out in front of George like a fine Michelin steak, all his freckled skin and flushed flesh for his viewing pleasure, for him to take. Really though, it was his now fully revealed cock that was really making him feel so completely transparent, like every shaky breath he took could be traced by the older’s raking stare.

“You really are massive, you know?” George changes his placement so Dream’s legs are around his waist, his own knees pressing into the plush of the mattress as he softly pulls the blond’s lower-half onto his lap. He slowly slides his hands up the warm skin of the younger’s thighs, reaching the mild jut of his hips and letting his thumbs meet in the middle just above Dream’s desperately red cock, the latter’s breath hitching and forcing an embarrassing sound to stay in his throat.

“George, just—please do something,” his begging isn’t like how it was before, not filled with the same complete desperation despite how obviously needy he was and how aching he was to be

touched. He was holding back. “You keep not—you keep not doing anything.”

“Honestly, how big do you think you are? I’m guessing 10 inches, but that feels kind of reserved,” the older just completely ... ignores him, continuing to rub small circles into his hips and the area so fucking close to where Dream needs it so bad, finding more enjoyment in the way the younger’s legs seems to twitch from every tiny ministrations. The blond groans in both frustration and humiliation, trying to move his hips to get his point across but getting shut down immediately with firm hands to his midriff.

“George! You’re doing this on fucking purpose, you ass—” he cuts himself off with a choked moan when the shorter finally grips his painfully red length, pulling it away from where it was resting on his stomach, leaving an embarrassing mess of precum on his skin as it’s lifted that he can’t even bring himself to feel bad over when his brain goes haywire with the promise of simulation after so long.

George just stares at it for a moment, a look of indifference as he rubs the bottom of the red tip with his thumb, stroking once at the deep chest-filled moan filling the quiet air. He goes for maybe a minute before doing something Dream doesn’t expect. He fucking *drops* it.

With a filthy slap against wet skin that echos inside of his skull, Dream feels before he registers the way his cock was just allowed to fall against his own body, can’t even begin to form a coherent thought as scorching hot blood rushes to the tips of his ears, undoubtedly red and all he can do in response is tremble in his legs and cry. Oh fuck, he was *crying*.

He feels the warm, salty tears fall against his cheeks when he stares wide and humiliated into delighted brown eyes, feeling a thumb swipe the sticky liquid on his cheeks with a quiet coo which only makes his body flush even more. It feigns sympathy, evident by the way George does it *again*, lifts his stupidly big and painfully hard cock off of his stomach to let it fall with such a loud noise that makes Dream let out a broken cry-mixed moan, body thrumming deep with embarrassment and pain with how hard his cock is. He can’t help but to try and close his legs together when the older tries to do it again, holding his thighs closed around the conniving thin arm between them, praying for pity.

George just tsks and grabs Dream’s length with his trapped arm, stroking with vigor until the blond is arching his back against the bed with his long legs falling against the shorter’s thighs, shaking as he opens himself up again, long cock still being roughly jerked. It’s like cloud-9 after so fucking long of teasing, his moan’s pitch rising with every tug.

“Fuck, yes, George—ngh! So fucking—*fuck*, it’s so good,” he’s gripping the bedsheet below with vice, knuckles white as his hips twitch towards George’s masterful touches, the brunet somehow knowing every single way to drive him mad. Or maybe everything just feels this good because how high George has strung him, the simplest of touches making him lose his mind.

He’s taken out of his fog of bliss when the loud and now familiar sound of his dick slapping against his stomach rings in his ears, the pool of sticky precum on the softs of his torso splattering over his stomach by the gravity of the fall. He feels a little cool on his chin as he whines loud and broken at the loss of real touch, hips twitching desperately and eyebrows furrowed with embarrassment and frustration as tears squeeze through the eyes didn’t even realize he had closed, hands still clenching the cottony sheets.

“You are so fucking *mean*, George.” It’s meant to come out angry but it just sounds desperate and broken, no intimidation left in his trembling, red-flushed body as his watery olive eyes open and look up into the giggling face of the older, feeling more tears pool in his waterline as George drags his index finger on the sloppy, precum-covered skin of his stomach before bringing his hand

around his cock again, thumbing his slit and collecting the wetness at the tip to slowly, so fucking *slowly*, drag his hand down the long expanse of his cock, the blond moaning softly into the air again, criticisms lost on his tongue with every bit of pleasure melting his mind.

“I think I’m just giving you what you deserve,” George dips his head to lick a clean stripe along the underside of his dick and Dream swears his vision actually goes white, “Whores get treated like whores.”

“I’m not—I’m not a *whore*,” he tries to rebuttal with a cracking voice, not getting anything back as a response as he’s shut up with a brief kiss, eyes falling closed as his stomach flutters from the feeling of lips on his, out of breath much before than he should have as the older parts away quickly, still leaning over to gently hold the blond’s jaw.

“Do you have lube?” George asks, looking down with a soft but excited expression. He’s a little pink himself, suppressing his own desperation to get off as he rubs the soft skin of the blond’s jaw, the experience of watching the other fall helplessly into need making the want to just fuck him well worth the wait. Dream just needs a little bit more of a push, George already having witnessed some of his greatest desires these last hours, buzzing with satisfaction even without cumming.

Dream points at what he hopes is his left nightstand, brain so out of it that he doesn’t even know if he can tell his rights from his left. He twitches as the older reaches over him, the feeling of skin moving against his own enough for his nerves to fray even further as each second without stimulation drives him genuinely mad. Fuck, he was going to go insane if he couldn’t cum soon.

George grabs the telling half-empty bottle of lube, scoffing at its depletion and raising a brow to the shy blond who just turns away to press his cheek into the mattress, feeling hot all over from the older’s knowing stare.

George huffs a short laugh, filled with a cold amusement, “Huh, a whore.”

There’s a quiet sound of a cap being flipped open and the slick noise of the brunet lubing his index finger, the older watching the blond turn his head back to stare at his hand like it was the only thing with worth in the world, all wide-eyed and empty headed. His brain was just a repeating record of George’s face, George’s mean words, George’s soft touches, George’s cruel ones, the way his fingers were pink at the tip and how they look so *pretty* covered in slick wetness, how his groomed nails and slim fingers were shiny with the slippery liquid. He couldn’t think of anything else other than *George*, the only thing grounding him the promise of relief and the (massive) aching desperation between his legs.

“Give it to me, I—*please*, George,” he squeezes his eyes shut and he not-so-subtly itches his hips forward, clutching the bed as he gives a clear invitation for more. The shorter laughs but complies, grabbing one of Dream’s sunkissed thighs to hold up in the air, limb jelly-like in its weakness as it lets itself be handled with uncaring ease, not even strong enough to hold itself up and just letting the parts not supported by the older just mindlessly dangle, trembling a little.

The blond wants to genuinely cry in relief when he feels something wet prod at his entrance, hissing out a moan and gripping the sheets as it slowly pushes itself inside. The older lets him get used to it for a second as he stares at the younger, stilling his finger. He is interrupted by eager hips who attempt to fuck themselves on his hand, weakly lifting from the bed to push towards any semblance of pleasure with a light foggiess in the blond’s head and muffled moans breathed through his closed mouth. George tsks and slaps the thigh he was holding with a sound that makes Dream complete lucid all at once, the pain not even registering in his brain before his body reacts by curling in on itself not even from the hit, but how it feels to just be fucking slapped around and made to listen like he’s some *dog*. He whimpers, an embarrassing reflex, as the older grabs his

thigh again the same way, Dream still pliant under his calculated and strong touches.

“I know you’re a slut, Dream, but fucking yourself on my one finger is really just pathetic,” he thrusts his finger in and out as he says it, the younger’s lips opening to maybe resort back but just a choked needy sound falling from them instead. Dream throws his head back, messy blond hair sprawled over the mattress, little noises turning into breathy moans as George laughs meanly, dragging his finger against the wall of his insides in a way that has the blond *whining*. “I barely have to do anything to you, do I? Let alone to your dick.” Mentioned dick is flushed with a deep red, twitching and leaking copious amounts of precum with every single-fingered thrust, the older almost feeling bad but still too much of a sadistic bastard to feel much other than satisfaction, “I can just ignore that useless thing and play with what you really want me to.”

The connotations of that doesn’t pass by Dream as he makes a noise of displeasure, unable to keep it up though as the older continues to fuck into him, the taller feeling the burn inside his skin of how easily he’s falling apart from a single finger, like a little virgin, like a *bitch*.

“Awh, you don’t like that?” George asks, sickly sweetness dripping from his lilt and giggling at how the blond’s ears flush and a little whimper wedges between his breathy moans as he’s continuously fucked into, “Want your dumb dick touched?”

“I need—fuck, I need it, need more,” Dream reponds, not even knowing what he’s asking for. For his dick to be touched? For more fingers? Either way he gets nothing but a mean laugh in response.

“Yeah? More of what?” of course he plays fucking dumb.

“Fuck you, just—*anything*. Literally, *fuck*, anything.” The younger genuinely thinks he’s going to break when he feels the finger leave him, seconds away from internally collapsing and his brain evaporating, but he hears the sound of the lube being opened again, watching through relieved filmy eyes as the older slathers his two fingers. George chuckles at how the taller’s dick twitches when he feels the two wet fingers circle his hole, not pushing himself in to get to hear how Dream whines so loudly, high and frustrated with the want for more. “George—”

He’s cut off by the feeling of his hole being stretched by wet prodding fingers, sighing a moan filled with gooey pleasure as his walls are rubbed and thrust into by the brunet’s surprisingly skilled fingers. He’s openly moaning into the air, but still holding a small rock of anticipation in his stomach. He couldn’t tell if George was missing *that* spot on purpose, like he’s making sure to ignore that bundle of nerves to drive Dream up the wall with not enough, teasing what could be more.

“Feel good, Dream?” The blond doesn’t have it in him to fight against the clear condescension in the brunet’s tone, just feverishly nodding and arching his back, cock throbbing and beading so much precum as his hot skin buzzes.

“More, more. George, give me—*hah*—more,” he babbles with barely-there coherence, said through the lips of an absolute madman so lost in his sensations and cravings for more as every bit of his body is ignited, feeling a knot tighten in his stomach. Holy shit, was he going to cum from just two fucking fingers? Without his prostate even being touched? Dream’s eyelashes flutter against his cheek as he shuts his eyes at the pathetic realization. Is he really this much of his bitch? “George, i’m—ngh, m’close, *fuck*.” He feels the fingers pull out immediately after with a filthy ‘squelch’ and Dream *loses* it.

“No, no, no, you *can’t* fucking—not again, *fuck*. George, you can’t do this, please, please, I *need* it, I need it so fucking bad, I’m going to go *insane*, you can’t—” he’s choking over each syllable, absolutely *sobbing*. He’s fucking crying for George’s dick as his whole entire body *shakes* from

denial and the cries racking through his entire frame like a category 5, can't even think, can do nothing but lie there motionless and twitch, feeling the brain-numbing ache in his groin as humiliation turns his body limp and burning. "Fuck you," he manages to say it through strained breaths, threads of sanity taut and close to snapping with every throb in his lower body.

"Oh, so you don't want me to fuck you?" Dream, so caught up in his head, didn't even realize George was lubing his own cock, whimpering as his leg is let go of, no longer supported by the older's lithe arms as he lets it fall back on the soft sheets so that both are framing George's body. The brunet is delighted at how tan skin twitches under his palms as he slides them down the younger's ribs, reeling with elation at how much control he has over him, how tight he's strung him with his own hands.

George doesn't even bother to hide his grin at the way the blond snuffles, all bratty and bothered but also needy and close to collapse. The shorter knew from their previous endeavors that Dream blushed very intensely, having seen how prettily his skin rudded and his ears grew hot but now that he had him here, all bare and open for him to see, he could really see how far it went. The flush went across his shoulders, the skin peppered with freckles and now reddened with embarrassment and lust. Really, his entire *body* was screaming it, all trembling limbs and clenched fists, shiny olive eyes a little bit bloodshot from his desperate crying and his fucking *cock*, the whole reason for this mess, all sloppy and wet with a tip so red with need for release it might go purple soon. *He's almost there.*

There's a brief pause, air holding still as George actually waits for his response, hands carefully gliding across the blond's oversensitive skin.

He sees the internal battle behind green eyes, the want to fight but the aching for release leading to the war inside a gooey mind poorly hidden behind glassy eyes.

The blond breathes for a second, trying to string together something of semblance to an answer. "No."

"No?" George quirks a brow, letting his hands rub over the taller's nipples with feigned obliviousness, continuing, "So you don't want me to fuck you?" Before Dream can clear up what he meant, weakly shaking his head, the brunet interrupts him with a fake scoff. "Oh, I see. You've got an *ego*, huh." He chuckles as the blond's face morphs into confusion, bronzey brows furrowing and thinking too scattered and frustrated to try and figure out what is happening, why he *still* isn't being fucked like he desperately needs. So when he feels a lone finger trail the underside of his cock, Dream practically *jumps* out of his skin, feeling so starved of stimulation that one fucking finger has his back curved off of the bed and him groaning openly into the air.

"You just keep thinking with this fat cock of yours, huh," he scoffs meanly at how the younger is almost mewling over his barely-there touch, "I mean, it's *so long*, I don't blame you. You're probably fucking people every night." He makes a dramatic sigh, forcing a small frown on his lips and making a big show of dragging the tip of his finger over the hot skin of the blond's wonderfully twitchy cock, Dream feeling a sob fall from his lips as he's rendered speechless from the feeling and George's words that he doesn't know how the fuck to rebuttal. If he says it's true, he won't get fucked the way he wants, no, *needs* so fucking bad. But at the same time, saying he's wrong is not just defeat, no, it's a *declaration* of his position, his *place* that he's kept hidden that he's wanted for so fucking long: under George.

George sighs again, all deep and exaggerated, "I shouldn't even bother, should I?" And Dream breaks.

"No, no, no, *no*. Fuck, George, please don't, I don't—I can't—I *need* you, I need you so fucking

bad, George. I'll do whatever you fucking want, I'll be so good just please just fuck me, please, please, please, I—fuck, George, I—*fuck*.”

Sobs rumble through his body as he cries the hardest he has all night, fat tears falling down the burning expanse of his cheeks as he feverishly begs, *begs*, and it still makes George's knees weak when he hears it, looking at his masterpiece, his pretty mess that he crafted and strung up so high that he is literally crying for him, *begging* for him. The proudest, most cocky, most *bratty* man he knows, is fucking groveling beneath him. And holy shit, if that isn't the greatest power rush he's ever had in his life.

“You sound a bit whorish, Dream,” and it's funny considering George has been the one calling him a slut all night, somehow acting like the statement is some kind of surprise. Dream doesn't even have it in him to deny it, he doesn't even *want* to deny it.

“I-I am a whore, I'm your whore,” George feels his heart actually stutter in his chest, the blond's voice breaking as he sobs and whines with frenzy and *oh fuck*, Dream is grabbing the underside of his own thighs, quivering, as he holds them to his chest with arms filled with the only strength he has left, like he's fucking *presenting himself* for George. “Your fucking—your fucking *bitch*,” he holds his breath for a moment, “*Your slutty, big dick* *bitch*.”

George has died and gone to heaven he thinks, staring at the submissive, *oh god did it feel good to describe him like that*, blond. He's finally there.

He presses the head of his cock against the stretched hole of the younger, continuing his bastard tendencies as he teases his rim with the slick tip but not quite pushing in just to hear him plead and beg more with that mindless babble he loves so much.

“Put it *in*, George. God, please, I can't—it *hurts*, I need to cum, I need your fuckin' dick, I need *you*. Fuck me, fuck me, *fuck me*,” it's all just a melody to George's ears, the sweet and utterly shattered noises leaving the taller making his own cock throb as his patience runs thin. He has a feeling he's not going to last very long, the blond having felt so warm and tight around his fingers and George is almost vibrating in his bones at the thought of that heat around his dick. Luckily, Dream doesn't look like he's going to last very long either.

Ever the sadistic, George waits for a moment before finally, *finally*, pushing inside. He loses himself for a moment as the hot walls clench and unclench around his dick, somehow still so tight despite the stretching from before. He hisses a moan through clenched teeth, moving his hands away from himself to grab the blond's hips, now flush with his own, freckled tan meeting alabaster and pink as he looks up to stare and *fucking hell*, Dream looks *gone*.

Dream is seeing the fucking stars, moaning with no restraint, all whorish and broken as he loses himself in pleasure, the pleasure he's been craving for what feels like days, no, weeks. Ever since that conversation, no, ever since the beginning of his crush on George all those years ago. His vision actually blacks out for a moment when the older bottoms out, dick grazing his prostate and it's enough to have the blond absolutely writhing, body twitching and twisting as he tries to get more.

“So fuckin' good, you're so fucking, God, you are so fuckin'—*mmh—good*,” he whimpers as he catches his breath, but quickly goes back to his fever when the brunet remains still inside him, waiting. “Move. *Please* move. Please, please, please—”

“Such a fucking eager slut,” George interrupts his foggyheaded begging as he pulls back till just his tip is inside, hearing the blond sob with distress at feeling so empty, only to slam back inside the warm and inviting heat of Dream's ass, hoping to aim right on that special bundle of nerve.

And by the way the younger screams, he thinks he found it. “Not a brat anymore, huh?”

Dream shakes his head fast, whipping it side to side, “No, I’m *good*, I-I am good for you. So good, so fuckin’ good. I’m—I’m your whore.”

If you had told George last week that Dream would be calling himself his whore, he would’ve laughed in your face. Now, he gets the pleasure to laugh at *his*.

“That’s right. My pretty little whore.”

He thrusts hard and steady, every stroke a precise hit to the blond’s prostate that has him gasping for air as each breath is knocked out of his chest with every touch against it. George looks into his eyes to see them all unfocused and glassy, so far away yet feeling so visceral in his body, his arms holding his own thighs up and the knot pulling taut in his gut the only things his mind can pinpoint onto.

“Your-your pretty whore,” it might’ve meant to come out as a question, but it’s just another declaration, another permanent stamp on his broken ego that he doesn’t even care about, doesn’t even think about as he’s pounded into so perfectly, looking at the shorter’s pink-tinged face with complete complacency. George laughs at the placid stare and unbecoming words, the chuckle ringing against the blond’s skull and Dream knows he’s close.

“I’m gonna cum, I’m gonna cum, fuck, I’m so close, so fuckin’—oh God, oh my—*ngh*—fuckin’—*mmh—God.*” If the younger’s brain wasn’t melting out of his ears, maybe he wouldn’t have told George that, seeing his past record for making him wait. But Dream was half-delirious with pleasure and the only thing in his mind right now was cock. Thankfully, the older kept going, that in itself suspicious but Dream couldn’t think beyond the thought of cumming and George.

“*George!*”

He screams his name when he finally cums, crying while his hips jump and twitch as his cock spills sticky white all over his sweaty chest, orgasm hitting him like the greatest car crash in the entire world as his body shakes with its impact. Olive eyes are rolled up into his skull, moans waterfaling through his hoarse throat, frayed at the edges as he’s rocked through his climax with strong thrusts, the slap of skin on skin a hypnotic symphony in Dream’s head, the pattern of noise all he can hear beyond his own moans.

He’s milked for all he’s worth, legs trembling with the aftershocks as the intense peak fades into a dull thrum inside his skin, tingling his fingertips and toes. He makes a noise of confusion when the thrusts keep going at the same unrelenting pace, the mild simmer in his body slowly becoming a painful itch of overstimulation. He looks up into deceptively doey brown eyes, a pit dropping to the ends of his stomach at the sick cruelty twisted inside them. *Fuck.*

The itchy pain becomes something hellish, his body trying to twist away subconsciously as sparks of pain fly under his skin with every skillfully aimed hit to his prostate. He tries to close his legs on instinct, letting them go from where he had held them up as his body is turned boneless and twitching, but George is the partition between them, his thighs only capsulating the sadistic man between them and bringing him closer. He breaks down into sobs, body and nerves alight with sharpness as he’s fucked into a mindless mess.

“Hurts, George. It-it fuckin’—George, it *hurts*,” he can only lie on his back and sob, tears flowing down his cheeks, wet and hot as his foggy eyes plead into the glinting ones above. *Above.* Here Dream is, being fucked completely out of his mind, *sobbing* as his hung cock slaps so *uselessly* on his stomach, painfully rehardening he’s driven into by the man above him, unrelenting.

George coos, bringing his hand to hold the blond's slick cheek, palms wet with the salt and pain. "Awh, poor baby," he grabs at his semi-hard dick with his hand, the other man whimpering between his sobs as he tries to twist away from the touch with no avail, body pliant and soft under the brunet's other hand on his hip, keeping him placid and at his mercy, "Can't believe such a cocksut has a dick like this. Look at it—" he lets it fall back down to his stomach, just like before but he can't even do anything but cry and whine in response this time, body completely compliant and limp "—it's just sitting there, pointless." He thrusts a little slower only to make up for it with the strength behind them, each making obscene noises and leaving Dream gasping in pain-filled pleasure as he grows hard again. "I guess I just have to get all it's worth out like this." It's a death sentence and Dream knows it.

The slow thrusts go back to a hammering pace and the younger thinks his body might implode in of itself. He moans, all broken and submissive as he's pounded into like a toy, like this is all he's worth. And *fuck* if that thought doesn't make his head go gooey and his vision spin. Everything is blurry other than the man above him, the pretty boy making his entire body tremble and flush underneath him, soft chocolate hair hanging a bit over his face as George looks down at the blond crying with ecstasy and flames, the latter staring at him with a begging, but such a genuinely tender stare that has himself turning rose a little.

He's almost at the end of his rope. He feels the heat in his stomach as he itches closer and closer to his own breaking point, acutely aware of how his hips are stuttering a little and the way his body is flowing with the waves of near-release. He brings his hand to Dream's cock, laughing at the sob that falls out of the taller's lips as he begins to jerk with no mercy, mean in his grip and even meaner in his speed as he strokes, continuing to make sure he's hitting that special spot inside him with every thrust.

"George, George, George—" Dream cries his name with no motive, those probably the only words left in his vocabulary as his brain is fucked out of him, pain and pleasure melting his insides as the hand on his cock brings his descent to pure brainlessness, cloudy in his eyes and mind, nothing up there but *George*. What a fucking power trip.

Dream sobs out a moan as he cums for a second time so suddenly, the build up quick and easy with all the mean touches on his overstimulated body, barely even moving besides the quivering twitches and shakes. George rubs at his nipples for a moment to hear his broken little cry before grabbing his long legs to hold towards the blond's cum-covered chest, Dream utterly limp and pliant as he sobs from the overstimulation, from the itching pain, from how *good* it all feels.

George fucks as hard as he can as he tips towards his own edge, breathy moaning mixing with giggles as he stares at the shattered blond, looking at his red and ruined face with nothing but pure satisfaction, the submissiveness after so long of wearing him down a badge of honour and a rush to the older's body. He lets go of the younger's legs to hold Dream's hips in a grip he hopes is bruising, excited to see the finger-shaped blotches of purple tomorrow. *Tomorrow*. Tomorrow because this is definitely not the last time this is happening. Not after he's gotten a taste of the thing he's been craving for so long, finding out it's as delicious as he imagined.

Dream's whimpers out a throaty noise of, "You're so fuckin'—*big*," and George cums right then, hips pressed against the supple flesh of the taller's ass, riding out his own orgasm and soaking up every wavering whine leaving the younger as the feeling of being filled with warm cum makes him short circuit, gone so fucking completely.

There's nothing but heavy breathing for a moment, both of them worn and exhausted with their chests heaving and aftershocks making them weak.

George is the one to break the silence, a tired but still smug, “Slut,” leaving his lips as he pulls out slowly and carefully, the blond’s hips still twitching in sensitivity anyways, a shattered whine coming deep from inside his throat at the tiny stimulation, heaviness in his bones keeping him unmoving against the mattress. The older admires his work, smirking something coy as he stares at the blond’s cum-spilling hole, a perverse mark as his in the filthiest way possible. *His?* Fuck, he hopes so.

The temptation is too strong and the brunet can’t stop himself from gently shoveling the white pooling out of his ass back inside, quietly chuckling at the wrecked and destroyed whimper he gets as a response. God, did Dream look so cute like this, all pliant and easy, pretty red-tinged skin covered in cum, sweat and tears and his body twitching with every little touch. His eyes are half-lidded when George leans down to kiss him, a short and sweet thing filled with satisfaction and exhaustion but really just pillowy softness, all lips and no teeth. But as much as George wants to lie on top of the tall blond and kiss him till his lips bruise purple, there’s cum dripping on the sheets and both of them are so sweaty he thinks they might stick together if they touched.

He pulls away, moving to get up when there’s a weak tug on his wrist.

“Stay,” it’s not a request, but a statement filled with so many things behind it, both of them too tired to try and dissect all of it. George smiles, warm and kind and the blond’s heart stutters in his chest.

“Of course,” he slides his arm so instead of Dream grabbing his wrist, they’re holding hands, “I’ve just gotta clean up, okay?”

The blond nods, using every bit of strength left in his jellied body to turn on his side, watching the older struggle a little to make his way to the bathroom as his legs quiver from his orgasm, Dream feeling deep satisfaction at knowing that *he* did that, that he make him feel that good. And it’s like a warm blanket has been placed over their atmosphere, the world feeling all soft with their gentle breathing and the air coddling them in its warm hands making it all gooey and syrup.

The younger’s chest continues to beat against his ears as his heart flutters, something so fond on his face as he stares at George wipe his pale skin with a towel he dampened, eyes lingering on the pink edges of his body as the brunet slides on his boxers and a random t-shirt, *Dream’s* t-shirt, sugary warmth flooding his stomach at the domesticity of watching him dress. He thinks this is the best he’s felt in so long, perfectly exhausted and body still reeling from pleasure as he gets to look at the guy he’s been pining after secretly for so long, all his fluffy brown hair and rosy cheeks his to stare at, his to hold, his to *have*. *His?* God, he better be.

George comes back to the bed, wet towel in hand as he manhandles Dream on his back again, still so easily placid as he folds one of the blond’s legs towards himself. If Dream wasn’t one minute away from falling asleep till next week, bones and brain stuffed with the thickest cotton, he’d probably get hard again. But he was this close to passing out on the spot so all he did was let out a small whine, narrowing his eyes at an amused and knowing giggle. George is careful as he cleans with a special softness, grabbing the black boxers from where they left it once he’s finished, slipping each long leg in the cotton openings as he pulls them so the hem is flush with his stomach, paying extra mind to the undoubtedly sensitive area of his dick. *But if he smiles at the little twitch Dream jerks when he accidentally applies a bit of friction, that’s nobody’s business.*

He collapses on top of the younger once he’s done, placing a pillow behind the blond’s head before letting himself fall, all the muscles that have ever existed in his body gone as he crumbles happily against the now clean chest of the taller. He lets out a pleased sigh as he places his cheek against the warm expanse of Dream’s heart, listening to the muffled beats with heavy eyes and a smile but

a little itch in his gut. He needs him to ask, needs *him*. The older holds his own breath for a moment, waiting.

“George?” the air seems to still in its place for them.

“Yeah, Dream?” George can feel the way his heart is banging against his chest, wondering in the back of his mind if Dream could hear it too.

“Do you—will you... Can we stay like this?” a beat passes, George waiting for him to finish with a racing heart, “Can you be mine, George?”

Dream’s stomach cascades with butterflies as he waits for a response, bringing his arms to wrap around the perfect fit of George’s smaller frame, feeling like a puzzle with his finishing piece dangling helplessly in front of him. *Please*.

“Yeah, I think I can be yours. As long as you’re mine as well,” he says it with a smirk, full of poorly concealed glee and so much love, unable to keep the smug facade when the blond squeezes him tight and laughs something tender and full of visceral joy, the brunet breaking out into a full-tooth smile with his eyes mushy with adoration at the edges. God, George was really gone for this man.

Dream’s laughter quiets as he just holds the brunet close, shutting his eyes with a soft smile, feeling so warm. *Complete*. “Of course, George.”

Chapter End Notes

i hope i met any expectation you all had!!!!!! i had a hard time mid-way through and it put me in a bit of a rut but i tried my best :')

i again want to give credit to isntitcrazy whose work inspired this fic!!!! pls check them out they're so so amazing!!!!

i have some stuff planned for the future! on the list: dnf boot worship, dtot3 at some point (leave suggestions maybe :0) and some long term denial :OOO

pls leave a comment if u want!!!!!!! kudos maybe too!!!!!!! i appreciate all support always :DD even if ur just a lurker

i hope u enjoyed!!!! :D

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